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A Western Magazine

Monte Hale

WESTERN





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W. J. Fawcett, Jr., President

MONTE HALE

and **THE VICTIM OF THE PAST!**



Into the election battle for the governorship rose to a fairy climax... a sinister, black-clad figure moved through the streets of Crowderville! It was **THE GRAVEDIGGER**, Monte Hale's vicious foe!

The election—and the lives of two good people were at stake—as Monte Hale unlimbered his Colts and pursued the Gravedigger to escape a

VICTIM OF THE PAST!

AS MONTE HALE RIDES INTO THE TOWN OF CROWDERVILLE...



WOLD ON BOY! LOOKS AS IF A SHIP'S IN THE MAKING! TOMORROW THEY'RE HOLDING THE ELECTION FOR GOVERNOR—AND BOTH CANDIDATES ARE MAKING THEIR FINAL SPEECHES TONIGHT! LET'S LISTEN TO THEM!

THAT'S RIGHT! STEP CLOSER, EVERYONE!



THIS GENT SEEMS TO HAVE THE BIGGEST BARD—AND LOUDEST VOICE! LET'S LISTEN TO HONEST JOHN MULLANE FIRST!



FRIENDS, I PROMISE YOU THAT IF I'M ELECTED GOVERNOR, I'LL BE THE BEST THIS STATE EVER HAD! BUSINESS WILL BOOM—AND CRIME WILL BE WIPED OUT! CROWDERVILLE WILL BE THE CAPITAL OF THE MOST FLOURISHING STATE IN THE UNION!



HMM! NOT EXACTLY HONEST! LET'S LISTEN TO HIS OPONENT!



THAT'S TELLING THEM, BOB!

BOB McBRIDE



RIGHT! GO ON, SPEAK!



HE'S GOT TOO MANY HONESTERS LISTENING TO HIM! REMEMBER WHAT THE BOSS SAID!

LET'S SEE IF WE CAN'T DISCOURAGE THEM WITH SOME ...



MURRY LOU! DUCK!



HAH! TRY TO DUCK THIS!

BUT BEFORE THE HOODLUNS CAN HURL A THIRD SARGESE ---







LET'S GO UP AND SEE IF
DAD KNOWS ANYTHING ABOUT
IT, MONTE. HE MUST HAVE
HEARD THE SHOTS!



STOP! CONSIDER IT!
WHO'S THERE?

IT'S MARY LOU, DAD... AND
A STRANGER, MONTE HALE!
WE SAW A MAN TRYING TO
SET FIRE TO THE HOUSE,
AND MONTE RAN HIM OFF!



THAT'S RIGHT, SIR, AND I RECOGNIZED HIM AS A HARD KILLER, THE
GRIMEDIGGER! DO YOU HAVE ANY
IDEA WHY HE MIGHT BE TRYING TO
BURN YOU OR YOUR DAUGHTER?



TH- THE GRIMEDIGGER? NEVER HEARD OF HIM!
YOU MUST HAVE DREAMED IT UP! YOU'D BETTER
SIDE OFF, HALE, BEFORE YOU START ANY MORE
TROUBLE! HEAR ME! RIDE OFF!

MONTE HAS NO CHOICE BUT TO LEAVE
THE ROAD WALKER, BUT HE AND
MARIAN LOVE THROUGH THE DARK...

THAT WAS NO DREAM! IT WAS THE
GRIMEDIGGER ALL RIGHT—AND HE
WAS OUT TO TEND THE OLD MAN IN
A BURNING HOUSE! I WONDER WHY?
MAYBE BOB METERED IS THE
MAN TO KNOW ABOUT THIS!



IN THE CANDIDATE'S CAMPAIGN HEADQUARTERS...



SO THAT'S IT, MR. METERED!
CAN YOU FIGURE OUT
WHAT HE WAS UP TO?

HMM, I KNOW THAT
MALLARD HAS BEEN
OUT TO STRENGTHEN!

THOSE TOMATO-TROW-
ING THINGS WERE HIS MEN!
BUT I CAN'T BELIEVE THEY
WED STOOD SO LOW AS TO
ATTACK ME THROUGH
MARY LOU!



WITH THEM CUTTER REMAINING AROUND LOOSE, I DON'T
LIKE THE IDEA OF LEAVING MARY LOU AND HER FATHER
UNPROTECTED! IS IT ONLY WITH YOU, MR. METERED, I
GO BACK THERE AND KEEP AN EYE ON THE RANCH?

IT WERE IS! AND AS SOON
AS I CLEAR UP MY WORK
HERE, I'LL JOIN YOU, MONTE!





IT WAS FOURTH MAN....FOURTH MEMBER OF GANG! HE WANTED TO GET RID OF US....GET RID OF HIS PAST! HIS NAME....

RE...RE...



HE'S DEAD, MONTE! -- BOB -- MY FATHER... THE FIVE KILLED HIM!

STEADY, MARY LOU!

OOOH...



WE'VE GOT TO FIND THE FOURTH MAN -- AND THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN LEAD ME TO HIM IS THE GRAVEDIGGER! I'M GOING, MARY LOU! BUT YOU WON'T BE HERE ALONE FOR LONG! BOB MYSELF PROMISED ME HE'D BE OVER, BOB!

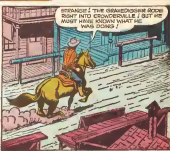
GO AHEAD, MONTE! AND GOOD LUCK!



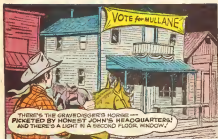
LUCKY THING THAT MOON IS BRIGHT ENOUGH FOR ME TO FOLLOW THE GRAVEDIGGER'S TRAIL ON THIS ROAD! IT'S NOT THE FIRST TIME I'VE TAILED HIM AT NIGHT!



AS HE RODE THE GREAT HORSE ON, MONTE'S THOUGHTS GO BACK.... TO THE MEMORY OF HIS BATTLES WITH THE RUTHLESS OUTLAW!



STRANGE! THE GRAVEDIGGER RODE RIGHT INTO CROWDERVILLE! BUT HE MUST HAVE KNOWN WHAT HE WAS DOING!



THE BRASSIGOTT'S HAND FLASHED INTO THE SPLIT-SECOND DRAW THAT HAD MADE HIM VICTOR IN A THOUSAND GUN DUELS.



BUT, BEYOND HIS DANGER, MONTE HAD ALREADY RECOILED FROM THE WINDOW!

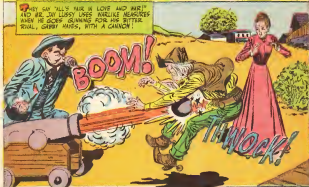




GABBY HAYES

IN THE DEADLY DUEL!

THEY SAY "ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE AND WAR!" AND MR. JOY LUSKY LIVES LIKE A MEASURED MAN WHEN HE GOES GUNNING FOR HIS BITTER RIVAL, GABBY HAYES, WITH A CANNON!



MISS HESTER IS A HEALTHY WOMAN, AND JOY LUSKY KNOWS IT!

I LOVE YOU, MY SWEET MY SUGAR, MY BACCHARNE! WILL YOU MARRY ME?

HOTEL RAINBOW



I'M SORRY JOY! BUT I LOVE ANOTHER!

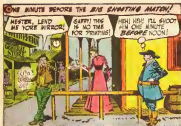
CURSES! IT'S THAT MORFOID, GABBY HAYES! I'LL SHOOT THE VAMANT!



THAT'S MIGHTY BIG TALK, JOY!

GABBY HAYES! I WILL SHOOT YOU! I CHALLENGE YOU TO A GUN DUEL ON MAIN STREET AT HIGH NOON!









HEY GANG!
LET'S BUILD THESE
ELECTRIC MOTOR POWERED
MODELS! IT'S EASY WITH
MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
FULL SIZE PLANS!

BUICK CONVERTIBLE

Here's your chance to make this accurate 10 inch Buick model complete with seats and wheels! And! Powered with a little electric motor connected to flashlight batteries in the body, you can steer this model in any direction or make it go straight! And these full size plans are so easy to follow that even if you've never built a model you can make this speedy model. Plans cost only 25 cents, postage at. Order Plan No. 397.



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MONTE HALE

and

**THE MAN
WHO
WOULDN'T
BE
RICH**

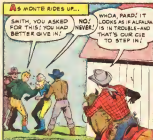
"MAKE A MILLION!" the drillers kept saying to Alfalfa Smith. "We're bound to hit oil on your property! We'll all be rich!" But when the old homesteader replied that he was happy the way he was, he invited a passel of trouble that sent Monte Hale careening on a perilous trip down a gaping oil well!

MONTE WALK RIDES OVER THE OKLAHOMA PRAIRIE TO VISIT AN OLD FRIEND!

PARD, IT'S BEEN YEARS SINCE
WE'VE SEEN OLD ALPAFA SMITH.
BET HE'S STILL
LEADING THE
EASY-GOING
LIFE HE AL-
WAYS HAS!

THERE'S HIS FARM NOW! WHAT THE—! IT'S SURROUNDED BY OIL WELLS! SOMEONE HAS DISCOVERED OIL AND DRILLED IN EVERY INCH OF LAND AROUND HIM!

THERE'S HIS FARM NOW! WHAT THE—! IT'S SURROUNDED BY OIL WELLS! SOMEONE HAS DISCOVERED OIL AND DRILLED IN EVERY INCH OF LAND AROUND HIM!



DAYS PASS, AS MONTE HALE GUARDS ALFALFA SMITH! THEN ONE MORNING...

I'M RIDING INTO TOWN FOR SUPPLIES, ALFALFA! I'LL BE BACK SOON IN CASE THERE'S ANY TROUBLE!

DON'T WORRY, MONTE! I CAN RUN 'EM OFF AGAIN, JUST THE WAY I DID BEFORE!



BUT WHEN MONTE RIDES DOWN THE TRAIL...

THERE GOES HALE—AND NOW I MOVE IN!



HOWDY, UNCLE ALFALFA! IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN!

DON'T BOTHER ME—WHAT? HE—YOUR UNCLE?



THAT'S RIGHT! I'M BILLY SMITH BAKER—THE ONLY CHILD OF YOUR DEAR SISTER, ABIGAIL BAKER! SHE DIED LAST MONTH AND I CAME WEST TO JOIN YOU!

YOU'RE MY ONLY LIVING RELATIVE! WELCOME HOME, BILLY!



WHEN MONTE RETURNS TO THE FARM...

MONTE! GREAT NEWS! WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE! BILLY BAKER, MY NEPHEW FROM BACK EAST! HE'S GOING TO LIVE WITH ME!

WELL, I'M SURE GLAD TO MEET YOU, BILLY!



AND THAT'S NOT ALL THE NEWS, MONTE! I'VE DECIDED—I'M GOING TO LET THE DRILLERS GO FOR OIL ON MY LAND AFTER ALL! BILLY AND I HAVE TALKED IT OVER!

YOU'RE GOING TO LET THEM DRILL? BUT WHY?

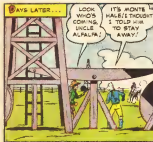


BECAUSE IT'S THE ONLY WAY I CAN EARN A HEAP OF MONEY REAL FAST! I'M AN OLD MAN AND WHEN I DIE, I AM TO LEAVE BILLY A BIG INHERITANCE! AFTER ALL, HE'S MY ONLY LIVING RELATIVE!

ARE YOU SURE THAT BILLY DON'T TALK YOU INTO THIS?









MONTE HALE

and The NIGHT RIDERS of The OSAGE



BURN THEM
DOWN! DON'T LEAVE
A SINGLE
BUILDING
STANDING!



Why were the cruel
night riders so
determined to drive
Osage Valley's ranchers
from their homes?

What was their sinister
link with the past?

It was up to
MONTE HALE to answer
these questions, as
he rode forth,
a target for a dozen
unwavering rifles!

Monte Hale rides along
a lonely road at dark night.

PARTNER, WE'VE COME
TO A CROSSROADS!
I WONDER WHICH FORD
WE TAKE TO GET INTO
OSAGE VALLEY!



HOLD ON! MAYBE I CAN GET
DIRECTIONS FROM THOSE RIDERS!
HOWDY, GENTS! CAN YOU TELL
ME THE BEST WAY TO GET
TO OSAGE VALLEY?



OHAY!
THE BEST WAY...

...IS IN A COFFIN!

Bang!
Bang!

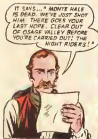
BANG!

OHNN!





MONTE HALE WESTERN



MONTE HALE WESTERN

BUT TELL ME — WHO WERE THEY? AND WHY DID THEY COME ON US?

THEY'RE A BAND OF NIGHT RAIDERS WHO'VE BEEN TRYING TO RUN US OFF OUR RANCHES! AND THEY SHOT YOU DOWN BECAUSE THEY KNEW YOU'D SENT TO YOU FOR HELP!

YEARS AGO THIS VALLEY WAS BELONGED TO CLIM MCCOY! HE RULED IT WITH AN IRON FIST!



BEFORE HE DIED HE SOLD THE VALLEY, AND OUR FATHERS BOUGHT IT UP! IT WAS DIVIDED INTO SEVERAL RANCHES, AND WE ALL LIVED HAPPILY FOR A LONG TIME! BUT NOW THESE BLAMED RAIDERS ARE TRYING TO FORCE US OUT!



THIS IS FERTILE, GOOD LAND! AND WE HAVE A LAKE HIGH UP ON THE RIM OF THE MOUNTAIN THAT HELPS US WATER IT!

THAT'S WHY WE WON'T BE RUN OFF! NOT AS LONG AS WE CAN TOTE GUNS! WE WON'T STAND FOR IT!



GOOD! AS SOON AS I'M IN CONDITION, WE'LL SEE WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT THOSE RAIDERS!

The weeks to come, not knowing that Monte Hale still lives, the night raiders redouble their efforts!



PLUG HIM!

GOOD SHOT! NOW LET'S RUN OFF THESE COONES!



THERE IT GOES — UP IN SMOKE!

WE'LL HIT THEM AGAIN AND AGAIN — UNTIL THEY HAVEN'T A ROOF OVER THEIR HEADS!







SEET YEARS AGO
CLEM MCCRAE HAD
ENTRANCES BUILT
UP WITH ROCKS
AND MORTAR!

THEN LET'S GET TO WORK!
OPEN UP THOSE ENTRANCES
AND WE'LL HAVE A BIG ESCAPE
WAY - TUNNELS THAT THE
WATER CAN ROLL DOWN

As the ranchers work feverishly
the water pours down from the
lake... faster and faster...
higher and higher!



HURRY! GET
UP ON THE ROOF
JIMMY!

I'M
AFRAID,
MA!



As the mighty flood reaches
the cave entrances...

HERE IT COMES!

BUT WE'VE GOT
THE CAVES OPEN!
IT SHOULD
DRAIN AWAY
DOWN INTO THEM!



IT'S WORKING!
THE WATER'S GOING
DOWN AIRBURY!

GOOD! BUT THOSE SIDESWINDERS
UP BY THE LAKE DON'T KNOW
THAT! IT'S NIGHT, AND THEY
CAN'T SEE WHAT HAPPENED!
THEY'RE PROBABLY STILL UP
THERE GLOATING... SO

LET'S
GET
AFTER
THEM!



Meanwhile...

HEAR
THAT WATER, BOSS? BY
NOW EVERY ONE OF THOSE
RANCHERS MUST BE
SEVEN LEAGUES UNDER!

RIGHT! AND OSAGE
VALLEY IS READY FOR
A NEW OWNER!
ME!



DON'T BE SO
SURE OF
THAT!

MONTE HALE AND
THE OTHERS!
THEY'RE STILL
ALIVE!



HOLD ON, MISTER! YOU SEEM
TO BE THE STRAY BORN
OF THIS OUTFIT--AND I ALSO
RECOGNIZE YOU AS THE HONOR
WHO GUNNED ME DOWN IN
COLD BLOOD!



With their leader captured, the
night riders surrender!



MONTE

Cowboy



HALE'S

Songs

Here's another of
MONTE HALE'S
favorite cowboy
ballads—
THE TRAIL TO MEXICO!
It's the sad story of a
cowhand who left his
sweetheart behind,
only to find on his
return, that she was
no longer his!

The
**TRAIL
TO
MEXICO**



THE TRAIL TO MEXICO

It was in the merry month of May,
When I started for Texas far away,
I left my darling girl behind,
She said her heart was only mine.

Well, it was early in the year,
When I started out to drive those steers,
Through storm and sand 'twas a lonesome go,
As the herd rolled on into Mexico.

I started back to my beloved home,
Inquired for the girl I had called my own,
They said she had married a richer life,
Therefore, wild cowboy, seek another wife.

O, curse your gold and your silver too,
And pity a girl that won't prove true,
I'll travel west where the bullets fly,
I'll stay on the trail until the day I die.



THERE'S A

Surprise

NOVELTY
IN EVERY BOX

IT'S FUN TO
COLLECT
CRACKER JACK
NOVELTIES

Cracker Jack

THE CANDY CORNER
POPCORN WITH PEANUTS

THE MORE YOU EAT... THE MORE YOU WANT!

LOBO'S DEATH!

A Gray Hawk Story

By Dick Kraus



THERE was much wailing in the village of the Otagi when Kanah, the great one-eyed lobo, was first seen lurking in the nearby forest. For this huge black wolf, so much swifter and more cunning than any of his kind, was said by the medicine men of the tribe to be a kind of demon. "He is Manitou himself," cried the wrinkled medicine men of the tribe. "He has taken the shape of a wolf to watch over us! Beware! Do not offend him!"

And so, for several moons, when the hunters of the Otagi saw Kanah racing through the forest or skulking near the village, they fled from him. Who would offend Manitou?

But then, an evil time fell upon the land! It was dry, and many of the creatures of the forest died. Others fled to the south, where there was a lake and a river from which they could drink. A cruel fire parched the forest and killed still more animals—until at last its glades were lonely and deserted! When the deer and rabbits that he was accustomed to prey upon disappeared completely from the land, the giant one-eyed wolf changed his habits! He began to lurk near the Indian camp! Growing bolder and hungrier, he began to raid the village itself—to carry off the mongrel dogs that belonged to the youths of the tribe.

Night after night, as the Otagi tribesmen huddled in their tepees, they heard the shrill, terrified yelps of the dogs, as they were attacked by the fierce Kanah.

At this, there was an angry murmur of protest among some of the tribesmen.

"Raiding our village!" one of them shouted angrily. "Must we let him keep this up? How do we know that he is Manitou in disguise? Where will it end?"

But the venerable medicine man soon hushed the rebellion. "It is written in the legends of our fathers," the eldest of them Na-Kimsh intoned. "This great black, one-eyed wolf is in reality Manitou, sent to watch over us! If we were to attack and slay him, his body

would change into that of the person himself! And all our lives, and those of our children, would be forfeit!"

With that, there was no further protest. For the word of the medicine man was respected by all in the village of the Otagi. None dared to challenge them. None that—until the afternoon when Gray Hawk, son of the chief of the tribe, happened to return from a hunting trip.

As the slender, bronzed youth came wearily into camp, his eye caught a brief flicker of movement behind the elderberry bushes that framed the edge of the village.

"A hound?" he murmured to himself, intent on watching the shrubbery.

"Not! It is not a mongrel! It is . . . Kanah!"

There, in broad daylight, was the huge black lobo, slinking along in the bushes! Unaware of the presence of Gray Hawk, the single, glowing, yellow eye of the vicious brute was fixed upon a child that was playing in the sand on the edge of the village. It was a little boy, perhaps three years old. Slowly, inch by inch, the powerful wolf moved along through the bushes, approaching the child. Catching his breath, Gray Hawk watched, almost petrified.

The Indian youth remembered all that the elders of the tribe had said about Kanah—how he was sacred, how, indeed, he was Manitou in disguise.

But, as the wolf crouched, iron muscles preparing for a spring that would launch him through the air at the throat of the helpless child, Gray Hawk forgot all this. He realized only that a human life was at stake! Swiftly, he slipped an arrow from the quiver at his side, fixed it to the tent bowstring, drew it back and let it fly! The keen shaft hummed through the air—at the same moment as Kanah hurtled forward toward the playing child.

It struck home—burying itself in the side of the wolf—too high to do any vital damage!

With a furious snarl, the one-eyed lobo

checked his attack! Whirling in mid-flight, he sprang toward the bushes. In a moment, before Gray Hawk could draw a second arrow, he was out of sight in the forest, leaving a crimson trail behind him. But, as Gray Hawk lifted the frightened child in his arms to comfort him, word quickly spread of the incident!

Within a few moments, all of the braves and elders of the tribe had gathered in the clearing. And before them all stood Gray Hawk—and next to him, Na-Kimah, the medicine man.

"Hear me, oh, people of the Ojagá," accused Na-Kimah, leveling an angry finger at Gray Hawk. "This foolish youth has attacked Kanah—who is really Manitou in disguise. He only wounded him, but if he had been luckier with his shot, he might have slain him! And then the wolf would have turned into an avenging god . . . and he would have slain all of us!"

The slender boy turned helplessly to his elders. "What was I to do?" he asked. "Could I let him kill the child . . . without interfering? I could not. Do you blame me?"

Before the other men could reply, the furious medicine man burst out—"That has nothing to do with it! Gray Hawk must be punished. Manitou must see that we do not approve of what has been done to him! Gray Hawk must be driven out of the village . . . not to return!"

As shadows fell over the forest, Gray Hawk wandered—alone and lonely! Following the orders of Na-Kimah, the elders had stripped him of all his weapons save a short skinning knife that hung at his side—and had banished him to the forest. He could not return! This was to be his punishment for having offended Kanah! Now, as the youth crouched at the moss-covered foot of a giant oak, he pondered his problem! How could he convince the elders that what he had done was no crime? How could he show them what he was certain of—that Kanah was no god but an animal?

There was only one way that it could be proven—and that way was to meet and beat the brute in fair combat. And then he would know for himself . . .

Suddenly, a hush fell over the forest . . .

Gray Hawk felt a tingling and tightening of the skin at the back of his neck. Eyes flick-

ering from side to side, he explored the forest glade about him. Then, half-hidden in the gathering dusk, he saw him! Giant and hulking in the early night, it was Kanah—the great lobo. The lobo must have followed him, intent on revenge. There was no time to pause, no time to think. With a deep-throated roar, the lobo gathered himself and lunged himself through the air at Gray Hawk.

Clutching desperately for the skinning knife at his side, Gray Hawk dropped to the ground, avoiding the wolf's charge! But now Kanah whirled and was upon him again—and now there was no escaping! Huge, raking claws tore vicious furrows in the Indian boy's arm, and slaving fangs hissed close to his throat. Writhing away frantically, Gray Hawk drove the short knife into the side of his enemy—again and again!

The wolf snarled brutally, and with his single eye gleaming malignantly, sprang away. He crouched for a moment, then launched himself through the air again—ready for the kill. It was now or never! Gray Hawk stood his ground! Then, at the last possible moment, he dropped to one knee again, and slammed the knife through the air in a shimmering arc.

It struck deep into the jugular vein of the lobo! The wolf shuddered—and dropped to the ground, lifeless!

Trembling, Gray Hawk poised, the knife still in his claw-torn hand! Would the prophecy of the medicine man come true? Would the wolf turn into Manitou, the avenging god? No! The lobo lay there, lifeless. Then Gray Hawk knew what he must do. Lifting Kanah over his shoulder, he prepared to carry him back to the tribe.

ONLY by showing them the carcass of the animal, the carcass that had not changed into a god, could he rid them of their old tribal superstition. And only in this way could he regain entrance into the council of the Ojagá!

With the body of Kanah over his shoulder, Gray Hawk raced through the forest. It was night, and he was in a hurry.

THE END

*Follow the adventures of GRAY HAWK
in every issue of MONTE HALE WESTERN.*

MONTY HALL WESTERN

OLD SLICK BANK EXPERT!



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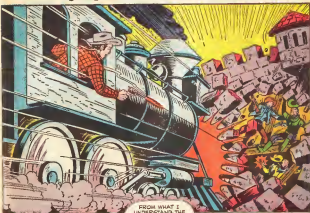




MONTE HALE

in THE RAILROAD ROUNDUP

For months, ace lawmen of the West had searched for the secret hide-out of the RAILROAD KID! None had come even close---until MONTE HALE manned the throttle of a powerful locomotive and slammed head-on into the hidden fort and a blazing six-gun showdown!



IN THE OFFICE OF THE CRAWFORD CITY RAILROAD LANE

MONTE, WE'RE HIRING YOU AS A SPECIAL DEPUTY FOR THE RAILROAD! WE WANT YOU TO HUNT THE RAILROAD KID AND HIS GANG!

GOOD ENOUGH!

FROM WHAT I UNDERSTAND, THE RAILROAD KID HAS BEEN ATTACKING YOUR TRAINS IN HIS OWN SPIRKY, ARMORED LOCOMOTIVE---AND DISAPPEARING SOMEWHERE IN THE HILLS!

THAT'S RIGHT! WE'VE GOT TO LOCATE HIS HIDE-OUT!

SUDDENLY!

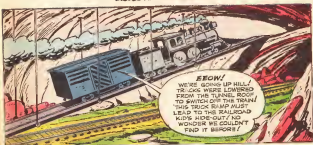
BANG! BANG! KARASH!











EEOW!

WE'RE GOING UP HILL!
TRUCKS WERE LOWERED
FROM THE TUNNEL ROOF
TO SWITCH OFF THE TRAIN!
THIS TRUCK RAMP MUST
LEAD TO THE RAILROAD
KID'S HIDE-OUT! NO
WONDER WE COULDN'T
FIND IT BEFORE!

FOON THE TRAIN
EMERGES
INTO A HIDDEN
CANYON!

LET'S SEE WHAT
YOU BOYS PICKED
UP DURING THAT
HAIR STORM
LAST NIGHT!

LOOK!
IT'S
MONTE
HALE!



STOP!
STOP THE
TRAIN!



AS THE TRAIN LURCHES TO A STOP,
MONTE IS THROWN FROM THE CAR!

GET TO
SHOOT
MY WAY
CLEAR!

KICK HIM,
BOY!
TRAMPLE
HIM!

SCREEECH!

WHUMP!

OWH!
MY
NECK!



HALE! THIS IS A
SURPRISE. MY BOYS
WERE BRINGING IN A
CAR OF STOLEN CATTLE!
BUT THEY DIDN'T KNOW
THEY'D ALSO BUSTLED
THE MAN WHO WAS
AIMING TO CAPTURE
THEM!

BUT SINCE
WE DO--
WE'LL MAKE
SURE HE'S
PUT OUT OF
THE WAY, EN,
POSS?



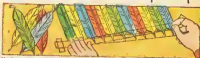


AS THE FOAMING WAVES RACE BY, MONTE'S HEAD DOES NOT APPEAR ABOVE THE SURFACE! WAS THE PERILOUS LEAP WORTH THE DARING CONDUCT HIS LIFE?





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(1) Get wet paper fasteners from heavy construction paper of different bright colors. You'll need at least 10 or 15. Or use real feathers if you can get some. (2) Take a strip of cellophane tape long enough to fit around your head with a 2" overlap, and put it sticky side up on some hard surface (a desk or table). Tape both ends down. (3) Place the fasteners on the tape, spacing them about an inch apart. Continue until all the fasteners are in place. (4) Put another strip of tape on top of fasteners, making a "sandwich". Remove the tape holding the fasteners to the table.



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